

THE ANNUAL

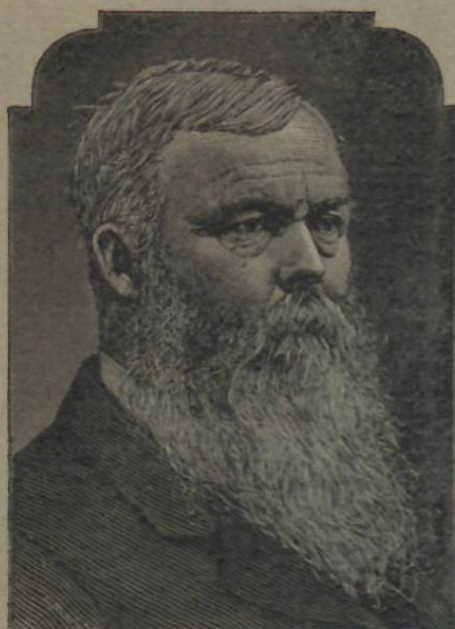
PUBLISHED BY THE

Graduating Class

OF

MEXICO ACADEMY.

1891.



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
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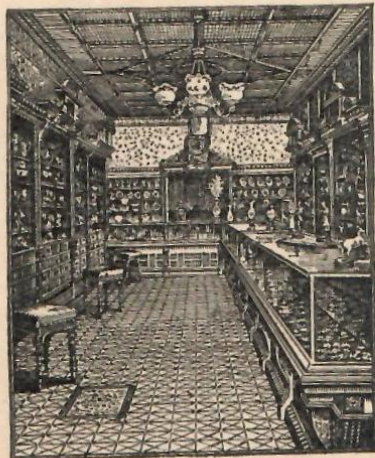
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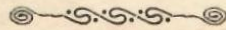
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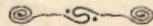
OSWEGO, N. Y.

To The Alumni
of Mexico Academy
the Editors would
Cordially
Dedicate these Pages.

Academic Annual.



EVA L. MILLER,	-	-	<i>Editor-in-Chief.</i>
MYRA J. SIMMONS,	-	-	<i>Assistant Editor.</i>
WALTER H. EMERY,	-	-	<i>Business Editor.</i>



Introductory.

WAY down under the ground live a host of little folks, known as Brownies. Some people laugh at them and call them fancies, but for a time we will believe in their existence.

Not many years ago, a crowd of these little people took a long journey across the ocean. After wandering about for some time, they took up their abode near the shore of a beautiful body of water, known as Lake Ontario. It was in the autumn, when the trees are all scarlet and gold; when the torches on the sumac are ablaze, the fragrant grapes hang from the vine in tempting clusters, and royal splendor trails her way along the vales and hills.

Scarcely were the Brownies established in their new home, when above them they heard a great commotion. They listened; it was neither the howling of the wind, the rushing of water, the rumbling of thunder, nor any sound of Nature. It was soon decided that the commotion must be caused by the arrival of a band of great and noted persons.

Again they waited while some of their number were sent as spies to ascertain the facts of the case. They returned and, with

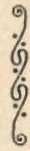
wondering faces, the little folk listened to their report. "They are but a band of youths, but such marvelous intellects, such indomitable courage, such aspiring natures, we seldom see in the giants, who live above ground."

That night the king of the Brownies called a council of the elders and wise men; they decided that the deeds of this wonderful band should be recorded, so that others might be inspired by their illustrious example, to search for great and noble thoughts. So for three years the fairies have preserved the records of this class; and now, at their request, the Seniors publish them in the form of an "ANNUAL."

If the writings are faulty and crude, think only of their good intentions, and be not harsh in your criticisms. With this brief explanation, we submit the pages of the ANNUAL for your inspection.



Senior Class.



Sed nondum est finis.

COLORS—Olive Green and Rose.

	Age.	Commencement Subject.	Cred.	Politics.	Profession.	Engaged.
HATTIE CORY BUSHNELL,--	18	"Step by Step."	Presbyterian.	Republican.	Parson's Wife.	Doubtful.
WALTER HUBERT EMERY,--	18	"Future of America."	Presbyterian.	Prohibition.	Aeronaut.	Certainly.
VESTA HAYES GREEN,----	18	"Mirage."	Presbyterian.	Democrat.	President for 1900.	Nobody knows.
EVA DORETTA MILLER,---	17	"Faces in the Crowd."	Congregationalist.	Democrat.	Missionary.	Known to every one.
HATTIE NICHOLS,-----	20	"Maid of Orleans."	Methodist.	Farmers' Alliance.	Farmer Brown's Wife.	Long ago.
MARY GRACE NICHOLS,---	17	"Nature's Melodies."	Baptist(?)	Republican.	Stump Speaker.	Looks that way.
CARRIE SOPHIA ROBINSON,	19	"Something Higher."	Congregationalist.	Prohibition.	Telegraph Operator.	Going to be.
MYRA JACKSON SIMMONS,--	19	"The Province of Science."	Methodist.	Republican.	L.L. D.	Doubtful.
MABEL IRENE WART,-----	17	"The Power of an Ideal."	Episcopalian(?)	Woman Suffrage.	Prophetess.	Several times.

Class of '91.



'91, Full of Fun, '91.

INDUSTRY is the price of success; all history proves the statement. It has been true in the past; it is true to-day.

As we, the class of '91, leave the Academy, some to seek broader fields of study, others to engage in the sterner duties of every day life, it seems our duty to recount what we have accomplished and the prodigies of valor by which we shall be remembered.

During the past year our number has been reduced from seventeen to nine. Why they left us we can not tell unless they wearied of our rapid advancement. While we mourn at the departure of our classmates, yet we rejoice that instead of Seven Sages we have nine.

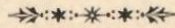
"Variation is the law of Nature." Acting upon this law a deviation from the old path was made and an "Evening with Dickens" was given, which displayed the oratory and the dramatical genius of the class.

Cæsar, Cicero and Virgil, also Xenophon, Homer and German have been fought and conquered. Mathematics, History and Philosophy presented a formidable array, but we buckled on our armor, and with firm step advanced, overcoming every foe, until now we are the acknowledged victors of the field. In oratory and music we have also secured trophies.

What wonder that to such a class the world seems full of joy and life. A merrier class is seldom found. Our jokes, tricks and music abound; hence originated our class yell, "'91, Full of Fun, '91."

For our classmates we predict a glorious future; and when the race of life is run, we shall look back with pleasure upon the hours spent with our Alma Mater in the preparation for future usefulness.

Class Motto.



E. L. M.



Sed nondum est finis.

SED nondum est finis—but the end is not yet. The great men of the past are those who have wrought for prosperity, while the influence of those who have striven only for present acquisition has disappeared with the actor. Behold Romulus founding that noble city, Rome, for years the “Mistress of the World!” Were all his planning, his labor, those terrible battles effected that he might enjoy the fruits thereof? Was he seeking only for a home for himself, a city in which to abide? No, he saw that his work would not perish in a day. He founded Rome, and from Rome all the educated nations have come, and even now the end is not yet.

The Christian martyrs must have had this thought before them during the long years of suffering and torture which they endured. This must have been their inspiration, when each one knew that the results of his labor would not be for himself, but for the generations to come, and to-day not one of the vast army of Christians will say that the end is.

This thought, the end is not yet, has been predominant in all our great wars. The men who carried them on did it not for the sake of power, but for a mighty cause, a cause which should endure long years after they had passed away. It was this thought that encouraged the commanding officers in the midst

of murmurs of disapproval from the populace, that revived the broken spirits of the soldiers after a disastrous defeat, that sustained the mourning wives, mothers and sisters,

This same thought is noticeable in the lives of the world's great generals; Charlemagne, who did so much to dispel the intellectual darkness that at the time of his reign, prevailed in Europe; Cromwell, of whom it is said, "England was never more prosperous than under his rule;" Greene, "whose retreats were greater masterpieces than other men's victories;" Lee, the famous southern general.

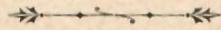
When a great building is to be erected, the architect plans, not only for the present, but for future years. The various nations of the world have each some building upon which years of labor have been expended, and seldom has the one that planned it lived to see his work completed. But these buildings, St. Peter's Cathedral, the Coliseum at Rome, the Great Wall of China, have stood for centuries, and will stand for centuries to come.

In literature, the productions of most worth are the works of men who wrote not simply for their own gratification, nor for love of money and fame, but to enlighten the ignorant, to elevate the minds of the people. Such are the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Longfellow and Irving.

"Sed nondum est finis" affords inspiration for all the heroic deeds and the great sacrifices of daily life. It may justly be called our motto, for during our whole course we have striven not merely for graduation, but for that preparation which is necessary to fit us to enter the great school of life, to aid others in searching out great truths.

Thus may it be ever, may the class of '91 so live, that standing out clearly and distinctly from every action shall appear these words—but the end is not yet. May its future history be such, that at life's close it can truthfully be said: "Sed nondum est finis."

Class Poem.



W. H. EMERY.

IN the spring, with its sunshine and showers,
The seed sprouts to life and expands.
All nature gives promise, with flowers,
Of the harvest the tiller demands.

But the spring can not last forever,
With its soft air and life-giving rain ;
Though pleasant, its mildness would never
Develop and ripen the grain.

So youth is the time of beginnings,
The time for the sowing of seeds,
The time which prepares for the winnings
Desired as rewards for life's deeds.

How pleasant the time spent in learning ;
How happy the days of school life !
For strong in each heart is the yearning
For wisdom, to guide in earth's strife.

Three years that have passed, full of pleasure,
Seem like to our swift-passing dreams.
Alma Mater, forever we'll treasure
The light of thy radiant beams.

But soon, though it grieve us, we, leaving
Thee, dear Alma Mater, must turn
From thy care to the harsh and deceiving
Life-tasks, their new lessons to learn.

Who can say that we are not stronger,
And better prepared for the strife ?
Or, not better fitted the longer
To stand the misfortunes of life ?

Mathematics and classics say plainly
That if we would win, we must fight.
We have fought, we have won ; do we vainly
Rejoice in the conqueror's right ?
New tasks will be only the lighter,
For trials through which we have passed,
The future will be but the brighter ;
The victories gained are to last.
A course in life's school is before us ;
'Tis hard ; we must struggle to win.
The swift flying moments implore us :
"Wait not, but with courage begin."
No station in life, that's worth filling,
Is held by the idle or weak ;
But they who are ready and willing,
High places of honor may seek.
We may not be always victorious,
But then, let us never forget
That defeats make our victories more glorious ;
Remember—"The end is not yet."
Try again, better fortune assisting,
You may conquer this time if you try.
You will never o'ercome by desisting,
You must on perseverance rely.
If you dare not make a venture,
You can not expect to gain.
You will merit society's censure,
If a drone in the hive you remain.
"The end is not yet," ever higher !
Discontinued the deeds in past time,
To nobler deeds let us aspire,
To grander heights let us climb.
And if we are faithful in learning
The lessons life's schooling should teach,
The praise of the great teacher, earning,
We heaven's enjoyment may reach.

Campus Essay.

◀*****▶

MYRA J. SIMMONS.

◀*****▶

THE UTILITY OF BEAUTY.

HAPPY is the man whose eye delights in the beautiful, and whose soul thrills with joy in its presence. He not only admires the beauties of Nature, but were there not another creature on earth to love and admire them, he would sit down among them as friends and companions.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the flowers of spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams in all the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple, and the man alive to the beautiful can not lift his eyes without feeling that he is encompassed with it on every side. He loves to look at the flowers and fancy there is a point of transition where the material thing touches the immaterial. And while a root or a stem does not suggest life, he fancies the flower has an expression of countenance. The violet smiles; the lily has a sad but sweet expression; the sunflower has a broad, honest look. He finds himself speaking of their nodding, dancing and sleeping. No one can speak of a flower as of a fungus or a pebble.

It is often asked, of what use are flowers? why cultivate them in our gardens? The poets tell us "their voiceless lips are living preachers, each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book." They point to something in the future; they start in us genial feelings; they teach lessons of harmony and purity of soul. The prairie rose or the sweet brier, that at evening fills the air with odor,

is a floral nightingale, whose song is a perfume that fills your heart with peace and love. Would you breathe a symphony of sweet eloquence, a grand hallelujah chorus of fragrance, enter a floral park when its flowers are in tune. As you inhale the odor from the fields of roses, you feel it is not a chorus but a deep, rich, contralto solo from the Messiah,—“a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,”—seems vibrating through the air. And now the distinct yet mingled tones of a duet come from the fields of mignonette and phlox; and as the breeze rises, there is wafted to you a grand crescendo of many odors making a sweetness you can never forget.

The utility of flowers is almost infinite. They are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and presents of beauty. How many a heart has been touched and ennobled by a little floral gift! The Creator's tomb was adorned with flowers, thus making them beautiful types of the resurrection; “and he who loves the heaven born flower should love the God who made it.”

The lesson of beauty and harmony again appears in the rich profusion of trees. In their beautiful and graceful foliage there is a stately beauty, a lofty grandeur, and a friendliness that makes one feel at home among them. It is a feeling that the lone inhabitant of the prairie has nothing to take the place of. They are an addition to the rural beauty of the home, to its attractiveness, its comfort, security, and also to its healthfulness.

The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, December 12, 1620. The winter was a cold, rainy one, and their sufferings were intense, but the winter passed and the spring came. The birds appeared in the naked woods around the infant settlement, the twigs of the maple were flushed with ruddy bloom, the ash hung out its black-tufted flowers, the shade brush seemed a wreath of snow, the white stars of the bloodroot gleamed among the dark fallen leaves, and in the meadow the marsh-marigold shone like spots of gold. These poor people thought they had reached fairy-land, and do you wonder?

If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant. The rudest habitation grows into loveliness under his hand. He adds touches to it as the painter does to the lovely landscape. The trim hedge, the

little grass plot, the beautiful flower gardens, the woodbine hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the clumps of gigantic trees, the holly cheating the winter of its weariness; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources and pervading the lowest level of the public mind.

This mysterious charm is found, not only in nature, but also in the elegant arts. English poets make frequent use of natural descriptions which have continued down from "The Flower and Leaf of Chaucer" and have given freshness and fragrance to the dewy landscape. The writers of other countries seem to have paid nature an occasional visit and become somewhat acquainted with her charms, but the English poets lived and reveled with her. A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not fall to the ground, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy uplift its bright face to the morning, but it was noticed by these observers and wrought into some beautiful morality. The greatest truths are linked with beauty and thus win their way into the soul.

No man has true culture in whom the sensibility of the beautiful around him is not cherished; for the beauty of the outward creation is closely related to the grand and noble attributes of the soul.

It is the duty not only of the teacher, but of every American citizen to raise the ideals of his fellowmen; this may be done by arousing a love and a reverent spirit for the beautiful not only in Nature, but also in character. The child should be excited to the study of the trees and flowers, their habits, their manner of growth, and their various uses, that he may do something to counteract the great forest waste in this country. Arbor day has been set apart for this purpose and has brought about great results, there being 27,130 trees planted last year. And surely no spot is more deserving of this decoration than our Academy Campus; and, as a token of love and appreciation, the class of '91 have planted a beautiful evergreen in fond remembrance of the years spent here in preparation for future greatness. The poet says: "He who plants a tree plants a hope;" with this we plant the hope that in the future we may see our Alma Mater adorned with all that is beautiful in art, literature, and character.

Class Prophecy.



MABEL I. WART.

FAR away over the sea there is a beautiful river. It is not noted in history, but it is remarkable for the Water-sprite which inhabits its falls. This Water-sprite comes forth each mid-summer night at the magic hour of twelve.

Having had a presentiment that I would be called upon to prophesy for the class of '91, I visited this spot. When the sprite came forth I inquired after the destinies of my class-mates. The desired information was disclosed in the following strange manner: I heard the sprite singing a quaint ditty; I fell into a trance; I seemed to be looking upon a strip of barren land at the seashore, where nothing but a small hut was visible. Outside the hut stood a woman who appeared to be very old and haggard. She was gazing seaward and intently listening to the surging of the waves. The voice of the sprite broke upon my ear, and by weird incantations revealed the sad story of the lone woman. The one beloved of her, the one for whom she had left all, had taken passage in a ship, which several years previous had sailed from a neighboring port, and he had never been heard from since. Sorrow and anxiety had made her old before her time, and she was still as in her school-days, waiting for Carl.

The scene suddenly changed, and I seemed to be at an opera, listening to the sweetest music that I had ever heard. The voice of the singer made one's whole being thrill with emotion. In the stately dignity of the singer and in the expression of her eyes, I could recognize none other than Hattie Nichols. You can imagine my surprise at seeing her thus situated, but her story was still more wonderful. Her husband, so devoted as a lover in her school-days, had deserted her, and she had taken this way to provide herself a living.

Again the scene changed. I found myself in a village; in one of the streets I saw a very amusing spectacle. In front of a modest brown house a number of children were playing; and from the strong resemblance, I judged them to be of one family. The family washing had been recently completed, and a tub partly filled with water was upon one end of the piazza. Two little barefooted boys were amusing themselves by holding a kitten under the water amid the shrieks of a little girl who was trying to rescue her pet. On the gate post was a boy who was adding his cries to the general uproar, having cut his hand while whittling. Two other children were seated by the door, struggling over a piece of sugar. At this moment a woman came to the door, and in sharp, shrill tones called to them—"Stop that noise and come get some wood this minute." I recognized the voice, but not that pale and jaded air. It was Hattie C. Bushnell, now wife of the Rev. T. C. Smith, pastor of the First Methodist Church of that place.

I then seemed to be in the city of St. Paul. A funeral procession was passing. It was attended by all the pomp and grandeur of the city. The chief mourner was a young lady, who appeared to be more than ordinarily affected. I asked if the deceased were her father, and was told that he was her husband, an alderman; and that the occasion was doubly sad as this was the third husband which she had followed to the grave within a few years. I followed them to the grave, and as she lifted her veil I was startled by the familiar features of that sad countenance. Could it be—yes—it must be Myra J. Simmons.

I next found myself at a balloon ascension; I was introduced to the aeronauts. The names were Madame Vestina and Monsieur Rigrard, better known to you as Vesta H. Green and Walter H. Emery.

Again, I was at the sea-shore, but it was at the busy port of New York. There appeared to be great excitement over one vessel, which was to sail in a few days for India. My attention was attracted by a couple who were about to take passage as missionaries. The gentleman was earnestly beseeching the lady to wear plainer and less expensive clothing. She curtly remarked that she would wear what she chose. I thought the self-assertion

of the lady was familiar and, upon inquiry, found it to be Eva L. Miller. I had failed to recognize in this gay and frivolous woman, the sedate and modest girl of our class.

In my trance, I seemed to desire the use of the telegraph. I found myself in one of the large offices of the Western Union and was surprised to recognize in the obliging young lady who took my message, Carrie S. Robinson. Just at that moment a clergyman entered. It was explained to me that he had been called upon to perform the strangest ceremony of his experience; of making a bond of union by telegraph. It had occurred, during the time of Miss Robinson's work, that she had become infatuated by a fellow operator. At odd times, messages were exchanged, photographs followed, then love and now the ceremony. This was not surprising to me, when I remembered Miss Robinson's propensity for flirting in her school days.

I will leave you, as the spirit left me, in the dark concerning my future, and wait for further developments.

Mother Goose Melodies.

♦♦*♦*♦*♦*

There was an old woman, who did not live in a shoe,
But she had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
Some she gave Latin, and some she gave Greek,
Preparing them each their fortunes to seek.

V. GREEN—Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad.
The rule of three perplexes me
And Geometry drives me mad.

E. MILLER—
We have a new hired man, and his name is Roscoe J.,
My papa has hired him to help him make the hay;

He tends the children, milks the cows, and always builds the
fire.

I would not lend my Roscoe now for any lady's hire.

Miss Matie Nichols, with her pretty little dimples,
Never told a lie ;

Yet she looked in the glass, this pretty little lass,
And said, "What a big girl am I !"

Little Miss Simmons sat by some ribbons,
Eating curd and whey.

There came along a dude,

Who acted rather rude,

And frightened Miss Simmons away.

MABEL WART —

As I was going down Main street,

I met a pretty boy.

"Little boy, pretty boy, whither are you going?"

"I am going a walking, kind maiden," says he.

"Little boy, pretty boy, would you like to walk with me?"

"Thank you, kindly, maiden dear, yes, I would," said he.

Hattie Nichols is that girl

Who has a little curl,

Right in the middle of her forehead.

When she is good, she is very, very good,

But when she is bad, she is horrid.

W. EMERY—

Walter went to the school-house, over the hill,

And, if I'm not wrong, he goes there still.

He smiled at the teacher, and made cute replies,

And courted her, too, to our great surprise.

HATTIE BUSHNELL—

Up stairs and down stairs and in my auntie's pantry,

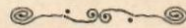
There I found a lemon pie, that seemed very handy.

I took it in my hand, and I ate, and ate, and ate;
And, when for it my chum did come, alas, she was too late.

CARRIE S. ROBINSON—

There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid;
And he said:
 “Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?”
And she looked him in the eye,
And answered, “By-and-by
We’ll share our pie together,
Till we’re dead, dead, dead.”

Sayings of Distinguished Persons.



EVA MILLER—“How will that do for the ANNUAL?”

HATTIE NICHOLS—“I don’t know.”

WALTER EMERY—“Oh, the Dickins!”

MABEL WART—“I wonder who that boy is?”

MYRA SIMMONS—“I do not believe that would be proper.”

VESTA GREEN—“You will advertise in the ANNUAL, will you not?”

MARY NICHOLS—“Think you’re big, don’t you?”

HATTIE BUSHNELL—“I can’t do the next corollary.”

CARRIE ROBINSON—“I am willing to do what the rest of the girls do.”

JUNIORS—“We are little buds of promise.”

FRESHMEN—“Oh, that we may be like the Seniors.”

'92.

x · x · x · x · x

Class Color—Blue.

Class Yell—True Blue, '92.

WE are patriotic, so we have in our knot of ribbons the navy blue; we are lovers of Nature, so we have also azure blue; we are devoted to our Alma Mater and to our studies, thus we combine the clear sapphire blue with our other shades. Patriotism, love for Nature and devotion to the educational institutions of our beloved land! What more can one ask of a class? what nobler characteristics?

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two—the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of America. Ah! how she will glow with pride, as with bated breath and smiling face she presents us to the world; we, the tender buds, cared for and watched over so anxiously, that we might be in the height of perfection, as buds of great promise, on her birthday.

It will not be long before we shall be Seniors, looked up to and revered by the Juniors, even as we have beheld with awe (through darkened glasses, that their grandeur might not dazzle us too completely,) the class of '91. We have already captured three prizes as the results of the recent contest in declamation and recitation, and we expect to take several more before we leave these walls forever. Our respected Seniors, even now, are proud of us, and treat us very kindly and considerately. They know we are capable of taking their places in the noble institution and fulfilling their duties, the duties of Seniors, very acceptably.

We grieve to lose them; their exalted characters, as a class, their unselfish disposition, their unwavering confidence in themselves, and their peaceful nature, have ever been an example to us. Words fail us. We can say no more.

Class of '93.



WE are dubbed "the children," and so we are children in mental if not in physical growth; but never mind, we will be seniors some day.

Although we are thought so insignificant, still we can boast of our number, (twenty-five,) and we trust that our talents may, after a time, attract attention. We might be likened to the buds of the tree, which, when spring comes, gradually expand, and bursting, disclose to view the fruit in embryo.

We have often been asked the question, "Why are the class of '93 so fond of walking?" We answer, Because they are favored with a (L)ongstreet all their own.

We have one essential thing always with us and of which we are very proud, namely, a (B)baker. We are determined to keep her with us always, although the class of '92 may try ever so hard to snatch her away.

We are not ashamed of our work during the past year, especially in Latin; but we hope to do even better in our two remaining years.

When we behold the Seniors and their wonderful intellect, we can but feel the great responsibility soon to rest upon us. We realize that there is work ahead of us, yet we are determined to conquer, as others have done before us.

Why the Freshmen Come to School.



ETHEL STILLMAN—To study (S)tones.
EDITH COBB—To put on airs.
LULU MANWARRING—To flirt.
MARY GRIFFITH—To play.
GERTIE VIRGIL—Nobody knows.
NELLIE SEVERANCE—To be amazed.
BELLE ROBINSON—To assist the janitor.
STELLA COLE—For fun.
ADDIE PERKINS—To learn—What?
JENNIE BAKER—To confuse the teachers.
LENA HOOSE—To giggle.
HARRY STONE—To learn of a (S)stillman.
LIZZIE SIMPSON—To pout.
HARRY BROWN—To make others wretched.
EMMA BARNARD—To make music?
ORLA MIDDLETON—To talk.
NELLIE HOLMES—To be demure.
WARREN STONE—To study?
WILL REESE—Because.
HARRY TAYLOR—To take care of his brother.
LULU HUNTINGTON—To be a lady.
WILL ORMSBEE—To be cute.
ELLA STEVENS—To study Latin.

200 Series.



What does G. P. Johnson do during vacation? Cultivates his manners and mustache.

Has the pane of glass in the gentlemen's hall been replaced?

Why is one of the young ladies on Railroad street happiest in the eve? Because she knows the Miller's love for (K)night.

Why is Osbert Tiffany seen with a certain young lady so much? Because he considers a knowledge of Virgil necessary to his education.

Why does Warren Stone wear glasses? In order that he may see something at which to laugh.

What are the most interesting studies during the Spring term? Astronomy, Botany, and Zoology. Why? Because.

Why are Emery's drawings like old teeth? They come hard, and are sometimes painful.

Why are our Juniors like an electric battery? You are liable to receive a shock if you come in contact with one of the cranks.

Why does C. Stone injure his stature by allowing his mustache to grow? He begins to grow down.

What smells most in our Laboratory? Your nose.

What part of Napoleon is the tallest member of the '93's? "Bony" part.

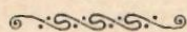
Why should you never write an examination on an empty stomach? Because paper is preferable.

Why is the ANNUAL like the blood of a healthy man? Much depends on circulation.

Why is a person who listens to G. P. for a while like a wheel? Because he gets tire-d.

Why is the ANNUAL Committee like a dead pig? It is done with the pen.

Prize Contest.



ON a beautiful evening in May, our pleasant village was all astir. Prize contest in declamation and recitation was at hand and every one interested.

The judges were E. C. Morris of Hamilton College, A. W. Norton of the Oswego Normal School, and Principal McDonald of Sandy Creek.

The contestants all made a fine appearance, and the pretty decorations of the stage added much to the scene. Professor Morris, before awarding the prizes, highly complimented all the speakers. Although each one had, as usual, formed an opinion, the audience, as a whole, seemed to be entirely satisfied when he gave the following decision of the judges :

In recitation—First prize, Miss Mattie L. Woodcock, for rendering “An Old Man’s Story.” Second prize, Miss Edith L. Knight, for “Death Bridge of the Tay.”

In declamation—Osbert D. Tiffany was given first prize for his declamation, “Heroes of the Land of Penn,” and Frank W. Holmes received second prize for giving “Disregard for Law.” The prizes, which were gold medals, were pleasantly presented by Mr. Hughes.

Favreau’s orchestra of Oswego, furnished delightful music and all went away from the hall feeling greatly pleased with the entertainment of the evening.

The prizes were furnished through the generosity of Mr. B. S. Stone, President of the Board of Trustees.

Prize Essay.

◀.x.x.x.x.x.▶

MYRA J. SIMMONS.

◀.x.x.x.x.x.▶

THE NEGRO IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

AMERICA! 'tis a glorious land! With arms stretched from the proud Pacific strand to the dark Atlantic roar; her rich prairies decked with flowers of gold; broad lakes reflecting each trembling star; mighty rivers sweeping onward, dark and deep; majestic forests alive with the music of her numerous songsters. All is beauty, harmony and sublimity. But upon the pages of her history there is a blot that time can never efface. It is that of Negro slavery. This was supported by the theory that the Negro does not belong to the human family; and the people endeavored to justify this view by the most dehumanizing treatment of the Negro.

Bible history records: "And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." And again: "Behold the people are one, and they all have one language." These teach us two important facts: there was one nationality, one language, and hence they were of one blood. Because of the wickedness of the people the Lord dispersed them and confounded their speech. Evidently this was the beginning of different nationalities, and hence of different languages.

Many theories have been advanced as regards the cause of the racial character of the Negro. Of these one is as valuable as the other; but it is safe to assume that, when God dispersed the sons of Noah, He fixed the "bounds of their habitation." He sent the different nations into separate parts of the earth. He gave to each its racial peculiarities and adaptability for the climate into

which it went. He gave color, language, and civilization; and, when by wisdom we fail to interpret His inscrutable ways, it is pleasant to know that "He worketh all things after the counsel of His own mind."

Of the antiquity of the Negro there can be no doubt. He is known as thoroughly to history as any of the other families of men. We have records of the Negro 3,000 B. C. Monuments and temples, sepulchred stones and pyramids, rise up to declare their antiquity.

The civilization of the primitive Negro was of a high degree. Before Romulus founded Rome, before Homer sang, when Greece was in its infancy, and the world was quite young, "hoary Meroe" with its private and public buildings, its colossal walls and stupendous gates, its gorgeous chariots and alert footmen, its inventive genius and ripe scholarship, was the cradle of civilization and the mother of art. Egypt borrowed her light from the Negroes up the Nile; Greece went to school to the Egyptians, and Rome turned to Greece for law and the science of warfare. The flow of civilization has been from the East to the West; from the Oriental to the Occidental.

Do you ask what caused the decline of all this glory of the primitive Negro? Why this people lost their position in the world's history? The answer comes: Idolatry! Sin! "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

When in the year 1619 twenty Negroes were brought to America and sold as slaves, it seemed a trifle; but consequences ensued which rent the republic with strife and moistened its soil with blood. Slavery touched the brightest features of life and they faded under its breath. It affected legislation, local and national; it made and destroyed statesmen; it strangled the voice of the press and awed the pulpit into silence; it took possession of the judiciary and wrote the decisions of judges; it laid the "parri-
cidal fingers of treason upon the fair throat of liberty."

Of the sufferings of the Negro during this time there is little need to speak. The truth came out and spread the wide world over. Travelers told it; poets echoed its wail; the pen turned away from fiction and wrote truth, stranger, wilder, more terrible than fiction.

Beside bodily suffering the Negro was denied both civil and political rights. He was governed by laws which allowed him no will of his own, which made him subject in every respect to the will of his master, and which made it felony to teach him to read, or to believe that he had a right to himself, his wife, or his children. He was disregarded as a member of political society, was taxed but enjoyed no representation, was governed by laws and yet had no voice in making them.

When the dark war clouds hung over America, the Negro came to her aid and fought for her independence. Nor was America the first to employ her slaves as soldiers. Many of the greatest heroes of Greece, Rome, and France were slaves. Upon the battle-fields of two great wars, in the army and in the navy, the Negroes demonstrated their worth and manhood. They stood with the undrilled minute-men along the dusty roads leading from Lexington and Concord to Boston, against the skilled red-coats of boastful Britain. They were among the faithful little band that held Bunker Hill against overwhelming odds; at Long Island, Newport and Monmouth they held their ground against the stubborn columns of the Ministerial army. They journeyed with the Pilgrim Fathers through eight years of despair and hope, of defeat and victory; they shared their sufferings and divided their reward. They fought their way to undimmed glory and made for themselves a magnificent record in the annals of American history.

The proclamation of liberty came to the Negro like music at night, mellowed by the distance, and swelling in majestic sweetness until the nation became one mighty temple, canopied by the stars and stripes, with the Constitution as the common altar before whose undimmed lights a ransomed race humbly bowed.

Learning was ever the forbidden fruit that no Negro dared taste. He was driven away from the tree of intellectual life. All persons were forbidden to pluck the fruit for him upon pain of severe punishment. His yearning for intellectual food was answered by whips and thumb-screws. But, notwithstanding the ignorance in which slavery held the Negro, there were those who astonished the world by the brightness of their intellectual genius, and gained great eminence in Astronomy, Philosophy,

Mathematics and Medicine. Among these are noticed Benjamin Banneker, the astronomer, philosopher and mathematician; Thomas Fuller, the famous "African Calculator;" James Derham, who at twenty-six years of age was regarded as a physician second to none on the continent; Phillis Wheatley, the African Poetess, a rare literary genius, known to England and America. Thus the Negro race in America, amid darkness and oppression, and without the aid of church, school or printing press, produced those who, had they been white, would have received monuments and grateful memorials at the hands of their countrymen. But even their color can not rob them of their immortality.

Since the war the Negro has been educated and Christianized, and fills many positions of honor and trust. The illustrious Egyptians who slept for ages, have arisen in their descendants, the Negro of America.

For this race is predicted a glorious future. Years will be devoted to his advancement and improvement here in America. He will sound the depths of education, accumulate wealth, and then turn his attention to the civilization of Africa. Though at one time despised and persecuted by America, yet the Negro will in return lay rich trophies at her feet as the reward of his freedom. The United States will establish a line of steamships between this country and the Dark Continent, and instead of rum and chains, America will send Africa missionaries, Bibles, and improved machinery. In return our country will receive ivory, gold, diamonds, and Africa's richest treasures. Tribes will be converted, cities will rise, and states be founded; science will enlarge her discoveries and the heart of Africa be bound to the ear of the civilized world.

The ancient temples of slavery have crumbled into dust. The daystar of human liberty has risen above the dark horizon of slavery and shines alike on all men, a blessed harbinger of peace.



Prize Oration.



WALTER H. EMERY.



THE AMERICAN INDIAN, HIS RIGHTS AND HIS WRONGS.

AT all times in the world's history, there has been oppression. To escape the heavy hand of tyranny our forefathers crossed the unknown and perilous ocean and settled on the wild Atlantic coast. The freedom of nature taught them lessons of liberty; their hatred for oppression grew till they defied the British tyrant, threw off the yoke of British oppression, and laid the foundation of the freest and most liberal republic the world has ever seen.

Under this government with its principles of justice and equality, how strange to find oppression! Yet for nearly a century the horrors of Negro slavery remained to belie our principles of liberty and prove that even free America is capable of oppression. Our country has cleansed her record of this dark blot by the blood of thousands of her noblest sons; but a dark record of even greater injustice remains. All this broad and beautiful land, with its bustling cities, productive farms and mammoth industries, was, but a few centuries ago, the undisputed home of a most remarkable, as well as unfortunate, race of people.

Since the coming of the white men, the Indians have been treated with the most cruel injustice and driven from their rightful possessions to the west, where, but a remnant of once powerful nations, they seem now to be on the verge of extermination.

But public sentiment in their behalf is being aroused; their rights and wrongs are being discussed; and if the freedom-loving people of America will stand up for justice, the Indian's rights will be respected, our country's honor retrieved, and a noble and worthy race saved from extinction.

When our Revolutionary fathers saw that separation from the Mother Country was inevitable, they wrote the "Declaration of

Independence," a statement of their rights and the wrongs impelling them to the separation. In this they said: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

These natural rights the Indians enjoyed till the white men came; but the white men, though guarding these rights so carefully for themselves, have kept the Indians from enjoying the same.

Owing to the Indians' free out-door life they were strong, well built, and free from many diseases attendant upon civilization. Their mental capacity was great and they have proved susceptible of the highest education. They were noted for their simple, dignified style of speaking, and their words, when gathered about the council-fire, were often passionately eloquent. In moral purity and strength of character, they were far above most heathen. Their wigwams stood ever open to the stranger; their goods were at the command of their brethren in need. When taken captive they would stand the most agonizing tortures without sign of suffering, and their highest ambition was to gain glory in the defense of their kindred and tribe. Hospitality, generosity, stolidity and patience, bravery and patriotism were among their characteristics. But they would lie and steal, for which the white men, who never do these things, say they have deserved all the wrongs they have received. The Indians' government was usually democratic; their only laws the laws of the conscience. Their religion, remarkably free from superstition, so resembled that of the Jews that some have considered them to be of Jewish descent. Nature's bountiful supply of game tended to make them wandering hunters, and there was nothing to act as an incentive to agriculture and advancement in civilization; yet in customs, beliefs, and mode of living, they compare most favorably with other primitive people. As for example, our Germanic and Celtic ancestors who, you remember, until influenced by Roman civilization, were most cruel, degraded and barbarous.

When the first settlers came to this land, the Indians, who might easily have killed or driven them back, received them with hospitality, gave them land and provisions, and signed treaties of friendship, little thinking that the white men would prove their

worst enemies. The settlers, in return, gave them fire-arms and whisky, two most powerful weapons in the Indians' destruction; they also gave them many diseases, which have proved exceedingly fatal.

The life of the Indian was not valued very highly; it has been a common saying on the frontier, that the only good Indian is the dead Indian. The settlers would punish the slightest offenses with the utmost severity, and in every trouble with the Indians, they were invariably the aggressors. The Indians, exasperated by the white men's injustice and greed, would take terrible vengeance, often without discriminating between innocent and guilty, but they never engaged in war without just cause. On the other hand, American history is full of massacres of the Indians by the whites, where there was no cause, but that the whites hated the Indians and wanted their land.

Since the founding of our government, the Indians' condition has not improved. European immigration has kept filling our land with a low class of people, unacquainted with American principles of liberty and justice, and often criminals forced to flee from their own country. These have seized the Indians' land, often using force and murdering the peaceful and unsuspecting Indians, without being punished; for there are no laws, no courts for the red man. As might be expected of freedom-loving people, after seeking in vain for the promised protection of the government, the Indians have tried to defend their lives and property. The government, instead of protecting them from the depredations of the foreign intruders, has either entered into treaties removing the Indians to some out-of-the-way place and opening their land to foreigners, who must be accommodated, or if the Indians are not content with such injustice, the government has sent troops and driven them away. So often has the government broken its treaties, that the Indians have lost all faith in its promises. Said Sitting Bull, "What treaty that the whites have kept has the red man broken? Not one. What treaty that the whites ever made with us red men have they kept? Not one."

The Indians are now confined within the narrow limits of sterile reservations, where the government is obliged to support many in idleness, thus increasing their natural indolence. The reservation

system tends to keep the Indians in ignorance and dependence. It is in violation of the constitution, as it deprives the Indian of his dearest right, his liberty.

Although the government has not hesitated to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in fighting the Indians, it has not been so liberal in educating them. A few thousands and one school to a reservation has been considered enough in this line. The Indians' wrongs are countless; we have shown but few.

As an example of the government's injustice in dealing with the Indians, consider the recent Sioux war. First the government suddenly cut down the supply of rations which it was paying the Sioux according to treaty agreements, so that they were left in a half-starved condition. Then the census enumerator, whom they personally disliked, reported their number much too small, so that they expected a further reduction of rations. The government expected trouble and sent troops. Then it interfered with the Ghost dances which were contrary to no laws of the country. The Indians regarded this as simply religious persecution. Next Sitting Bull was unwarrantably killed. All these things alarmed the Sioux; many of them armed themselves and were considered hostile. The troops were sent to disarm these. When they had surrendered most of their arms and were being searched, one of the Indians fired. Immediately the soldiers poured volley after volley upon the nearly defenseless Indians, and although the Indians fought most bravely they were soon overpowered and all massacred. The soldiers then followed the fleeing families of the murdered Sioux and killed every Indian they met, without regard for age or sex. Thus another dark page was added to the history of American oppression.

How can the Indians' wrongs be righted? By public agitation. When the majority of the people become interested in the Indians' wrongs, they will be righted. Then the government, instead of paying out its hundreds of millions to fight the Indians, will see the advisability of educating them, even at great expense. Then instead of supplying with food and clothing, and keeping them on sterile reservations, it will allot them good farms and put them under the same laws as the white man. Then, and not till then, will the Indians advance in civilization and become useful and independent citizens.

Alumni Meeting.

ONE of the very pleasant associations connected with Mexico Academy is the Alumni Reunion. On the afternoon of December 23, 1890, we were invited to listen to Hon. Charles Skinner. We would congratulate the committee on being able to secure such an excellent speaker.

In the evening a banquet was held at the Mexico House; about one hundred of the Alumni and friends were present. After doing justice to a well spread table, we were pleasantly entertained by speeches from Hon. M. L. Wright, W. H. Kenyon, F. B. Severance, Mrs. Rundell and Mrs. E. S. Taylor. Each toast responded to was full of wit and wisdom and of many pleasant reminiscences, which kept the guests in laughter during the greater part of the evening.

Prof. Nicholas Knight performed the duties of toastmaster in a pleasing manner. We look forward to these reunions with great pleasure and anticipation, and hope they may long be continued.

Adelphian Society.

THE society meetings have continued as during the previous years. The meetings are held on Wednesday evenings, in the academy parlors.

The purpose of the society is that its members may learn to work more unitedly, and make some advancement in their knowledge of literature.

We trust that it has fulfilled its mission.

The society was organized in 1886, with a membership of twenty-three, and it has been in a flourishing condition ever since.

The parlors, though they have always been inviting in appearance, have been much improved during the past year. Several of the leading magazines and newspapers have been furnished for the society tables, where they may be found at all times inviting the perusal of the members. Two receptions have been given this year in the academy parlors, one by the Philomatheans and the other by the Adelphians. Both were much enjoyed and the memory of the pleasure afforded will long remain with all who attended.

And now we must bid farewell to our beloved society. We can but regret that we have not been more faithful in our duties, yet we trust that our successor will correct our errors and that at the end of another year the Adelphian Society will have become much stronger in membership and will have made more advancement in all directions.

The Philomathean Society.

"ONCE upon a time," to begin after the manner of a fairy story, the sages and wise men in attendance at the academy got themselves together and considered.

Although the discipline of the school was perfect, and no improvement could be made in the system of instruction, something seemed to be lacking. After much thought and deliberation, this something was decided to be a society for the pursuance of literary work and the study of parliamentary laws.

Moved by a high purpose, they at once drafted a constitution and formed themselves into the Philomathean Society.

Society work, if properly conducted and sufficiently well supported, may be made a valuable agent in the work of education; and such our society showed itself to be for a long time; but after a while, for some unknown reason, interest flagged, and for the last year or two, until the autumn of 1890, it has been, practically, a dead letter.

The last year has been a marked one in the society's history. Early in the year, a meeting was called, a feeling of interest was manifested. The original constitution was in some ways not sufficient for the needs of the society, and a complete revision was deemed best. After some discussion, a good working constitution, more brief than the old, was adopted.

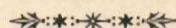
In literary work, although we see many places where we might have done better, the society has surely exerted a great influence for good. By the study of books and authors, by readings, declamations, talks, songs and by frequent debates, our meetings have been made both pleasant and profitable, and we feel that, should we again return to debate against the young ladies, the result might be less to our dishonor than the one of which they were once so proud.

Besides the regular literary work which has been done, the two societies, the Adelpian and the Philomathean, have maintained a reading room, where many of the leading periodicals are constantly inviting perusal.

We would be pleased to welcome to our meetings any of the graduate members of the society.

Long live the Philomathean Society.

Local Items.



Mrs. Severance, owing to ill-health, was obliged to leave school during the latter part of the spring term. Miss Grace Skinner has very acceptably filled her place.

On the afternoon of the first of April, the students in the academy were very agreeably surprised. After the first two periods, they were told that recitation work for the day was suspended. Principal Severance asked the ladies of the senior class to step across the hall into the preceptress's room. To the astonishment and pleasure of all, they soon returned, bearing trays of warm sugar and baskets of doughnuts. After enjoying the dainties, a hearty vote of thanks was extended to the principal for his pleasant surprise.

The academy has been much improved during the past year. Electric bells have been put in, the chapel newly papered, shades placed in the windows and a number of new seats added.

Mr. Hughes being absent for a few days, his work was efficiently carried on by Mr. Hayden of Hamilton College.

A very enjoyable concert was given by the Syracuse Glee Club during the winter term. After expenses were paid, about sixty dollars remained to be expended for the library.

The Seniors wish to take this opportunity to extend to Mr. Severance their heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses rendered them.

During the past year two of our former students have been married—Miss Edith L. Huntington of Mexico to Mr. C. Avery of Hastings, and Miss Kittie H. Alfred to Mr. W. H. Sherman, both of Mexico.

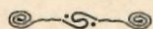
Class picnic at Pleasant Point again this year!

About the middle of the spring term, the training class of the academy received notice that they were expected to attend the institute at Sandy Creek. So one pleasant spring morning found

the members of the class, together with a number of teachers, and some who were preparing to teach, aboard the early train for Sandy Creek. All arrived safely and pleasant boarding places were found for those who were not already provided for. A very enjoyable as well as profitable week was spent in that pleasant village.

One rainy morning last month the Seniors were quietly invited to meet Mr. Severance upstairs at a certain hour. That this meant class honors was the opinion plainly written on the face of each, and class honors it was. After a little preliminary talk, professor read the various averages, and a burst of applause met the announcement: "Eva L. Miller, Valedictorian, Carrie S. Robinson, Salutatorian." We could not have been better pleased and we wish publicly to congratulate the honored ones.

"Uncommon Sense."



POST-GRADUATE.

CARL D. KENYON—"Pain fills my breast,
As nearer draws the parting hour;
Cold is the gloom that rises in my heart."

CLASS OF '91.

"Onward, Upward, till the goal we win."

V. GREEN—"I would not always reason."

E. MILLER—"Gay queen of fancy and of art."

M. SIMMONS—"Who shall tell how deep."

C. ROBINSON—"She is good as she is fair."

H. BUSHNELL—"The sports of childhood satisfy the child."

H. NICHOLS—"As the lone culver on the roof mourns his lost mate,
So I mourn my distant lover."

M. WART—"I loved him not, yet now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke,
Alas! I would not check him now."

M. NICHOLS—"Better be small and shine, than large and cast a shadow."

W. EMERY—"O, wise was he ! O, wise was he !"

'92.

"Trifles, light as air."

G. PENFIELD—"Her grief is like the summer's storm,
Short as it is violent."

K. RICHARDSON—"When two souls to a single thought aspire,
A spark will set them both afire."

E. NICHOLS—"She neglects her heart, who studies her glass."

G. P. JOHNSON—"With his books and shining morning face,
creeping like a snail, unwillingly to school."

J. SURBECK—"Grin ! grin ! it is no sin."

E. KNIGHT—"There's little pleasure in the house, when our
gude man's away."

O. TIFFANY—"Childhood makes the man."

G. W. JOHNSON—"I have been so well brought up that I can
write my name."

R. TAYLOR—"You know I love a country life."

S. PERLET—"Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, no winter in thy
year."

B. ORVIS—"Nymph of a fair but erring mind."

C. STONE—"A good man struggling with adversity and superior
to it."

W. HALLOCK—"There's many a man, whose tongue might gov-
ern multitudes, if he could but govern his tongue."

F. HOLMES—"And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind,
Exults in the good of all mankind."

'93.

"Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day."

- G. VIRGIL—"I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me."
- N. HOLMES—"She is not sad, yet in her gaze appears,
Something that makes the gazer think of tears."
- C. TIBBITS—"They laugh that win."
- J. BAKER—"I have a smiling face—a jest for all I meet."
- H. ROBINSON—"Of soul sincere, in action faithful and in honor
clear."
- L. HUNTINGTON—"More lovely than Pandora."
- W. STONE—"An idle man's brain is the devil's workshop."
- H. BROWN—"Reckless youth makes useful age."
- CHALMER JOSEPH LONGSTREET—"I have a name, a little name."
- A. PERKINS—"Accuse not nature."
- N. SEVERANCE—"Pardon the frankness of my mirth."
- M. GRIFFITH—"Oh, what a noble mind is here !"
- L. SIMPSON—"So wise, so young, they say."
- B. ROBINSON—"You have witchcraft in your eyes."
- E. STEVENS—"A little fair soul that knows no sin, no fear nor
tumult in her eye."
- S. COLE—"She murmurs an old air that she used to know."
- L. HOOSE—"The blushing maid makes the modest matron."
- W. REESE—"Too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."
- W. ORMSBEE—"A merrier man I never spent an hour's talk
withal."
- H. PATTEN—"That I never swallowed a grammar or eat an
arithmetic is a fact."
- H. STONE—"Still water runs deep."

UNCLASSIFIED.

- E. BARNARD—"Making noon hideous."
J. COONROD—"He will not smile nor speak."
G. NELLIS—"Not that I love girls less, but boys more."
R. THOMAS—"The day is mine—the (K)night also is mine."
L. MANWARING—"She is changeable—fickle—fair."
E. COBB—"You assume too much for your years."
J. STOWEL—"A meek and manageable child."
M. WOODCOCK—"Methinks no face so gracious as is thine."
F. SCOVIL—"A six years darling of a pigmy size."
G. PATTEN—"This busy world and I shall not agree."

Obituary.



MINNIE L. KIESENGER.

AGAIN that silent messenger, Death, has summoned one of our recent graduates to a home of rest. Miss Minnie L. Kiesenger died at the home of her parents in Parish, Oswego County, April 20, 1891.

At an early age she showed a marked thirst for knowledge. She first attended the district school, then the graded school at Parish, and in 1887, was graduated from Mexico Academy, having taught several terms during her course. She had planned to spend some time in Syracuse University, but ill health compelled her to postpone it. Possessed of a fine contralto voice and no small degree of skill as an organist, she was always welcomed in social gatherings.

Her life was that of an earnest, devoted Christian. She was always pleasant and cheerful, and bore her long illness with remarkable Christian fortitude.

Dearly she was loved, greatly will she be missed and deeply mourned, not only in her home but by her many friends in society and in the church where she took an active part.

General Information.

* * * * *

MEXICO ACADEMY,

ESTABLISHED in 1826, has for years ranked among the first training schools of the country. In its long list of Alumni it can point with honest pride to many honorable names. The aim of the trustees has ever been to provide the best instruction, and to furnish the community opportunities for a thorough practical education. Believing that the necessary basis for advanced study is a thorough knowledge of the common English branches, especial attention is given to this department.

LOCATION AND BUILDING.

Mexico is a beautiful village of 1,200 inhabitants, distinguished for healthfulness, intelligence and morality. It is accessible by the Rome and Oswego, and the Syracuse Northern Railroads.

The Academy building is a brick edifice, 90 feet long, 50 feet wide, and three stories high. The grounds are spacious, well shaded and beautiful in appearance.

COURSES OF STUDY.

Students will be classified, as far as possible, according to the following courses of study:

English course, which is designed for those who desire a thorough and practical training in common and higher English.

Academic course, which combines higher English with Latin or the Modern Languages.

Classical course, which prepares for admission to any of our colleges.

Students who are not able to pursue the regular courses, will be allowed, with the approval of the principal, to elect any of the studies taught in the academy.

GRADUATION.

The standard for graduation is a preparation for admission to college, in regular course.

A graduation will be granted if desired, to any who have secured the "Regents' Academic Diploma," the diploma of graduation, stating the proficiency of the student.

It is strongly advised that all seek the regular "Diploma of the Academy" rather than the graduation of lower grade.

Scholarship, not merely graduation, should be sought.

TRAINING CLASS.

For some years, Mexico Academy has been annually designated by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to instruct a Training Class in the science and practice of common school teaching. The appointment for '91-'92 has been made.

A competent teacher, a graduate of the Albany Normal School has been secured to take charge of this work.

The class will be re-organized in September and January.

For the benefit of any who may be interested in the Training Class, we make the following quotations from the Syllabus, which is sent out by the State Superintendent :

"In assigning Training Classes to institutions, reference is had to the proper distribution of the classes, location and equipment of the institution.

"The school year is divided into two terms of not less than sixteen nor more than eighteen weeks each.

"Each class is distinct, and must consist of not less than ten nor more than twenty-five members.

"Two periods of forty-five minutes each, every school day, must be occupied with instruction on the topics laid down in the course of study. Outside of the time given for this instruction, such members of the class as have time and ability, may be allowed to pursue such other subjects in the school curriculum as will be most profitable, for which, however, no tuition may be charged.

"Candidates for admission must have attained the age of sixteen years, and must subscribe in good faith to a declaration in substance that their object in asking admission is to prepare for teaching, and that it is their purpose to engage in teaching in the schools of this state.

"Before admission, candidates must pass the examination for at least a third grade certificate under the State Uniform System, or hold a Regents' Preliminary certificate and a pass card in physiology.

"The course of study is devised to meet the requirements of the Uniform System for teachers' certificates and to satisfy the conditions of admission to advanced classes in the Normal Schools of the state. It devotes ten weeks each term to the

special study of methods of teaching, and in addition, provides that the members shall be trained to critically observe and intelligently interpret the principles of teaching by being brought in contact with the pupils in the actual work of imparting instruction.

"The examination for a second grade certificate will constitute the final examination of each class."

Persons desiring admission to the Training Class should make an early application.

For further information or admission apply to the Principal.

LIBRARY AND APPARATUS.

The Library consists of a well selected collection of about 1,500 volumes of standard literature. It is accessible to the students each Wednesday afternoon.

Funds are already secured and we hope to make another desirable addition to our library in the near future.

The Geological Cabinet, Philosophical Apparatus and Chemical Laboratory are sufficiently complete to illustrate the important principles of these departments.

RHETORIC AND ELOCUTION.

Special attention is given to this department of our work. Exercises in declamation and recitation are required of all.

A prize contest in declamation and recitation is held each year. Appointments to this contest are made from the record of the students in the regular rhetorical work of the school.

Prize work is also done in orations and essays. This contest is open to all the students.

ORGANIZATION OF CLASSES.

Because of the recent changes made by the Regents of the University, the interest of the students can best be served by a change in the organization of classes.

The examinations sent out by the Regents are now made more difficult on the supposition that twenty weeks have been spent in preparation instead of thirteen as heretofore.

To meet this need classes will be formed in September and January as follows:

SEPTEMBER.

Arithmetic,
Grammar,
Geography,
Algebra,
Geometry,
Physiology,
Physical Geography,
Civil Government,
U. S. History,
Grecian History,
Roman History,
Astronomy,
Chemistry,
Economics,
Physics,
German,
Greek,
Latin.

JANUARY.

Arithmetic,
Grammar,
Geography,
Algebra,
Rhetoric,
American Literature.
English Literature,
English History,
*Book-Keeping,
Botany,
Geology,
Zoology,
Psychology,
Ethics.

TUITION.

Notwithstanding the change in organization of classes, tuition will be charged as formerly, for a term of thirteen weeks as follows:

Common English	\$ 6 00
Common English with one branch of Higher English.....	8 00
Higher English.....	10 00
Higher English and Languages.....	10 00
Incidental Expenses	60

Payment of tuition will be required strictly a half term in advance. No deduction is made in tuition bills for three weeks at the beginning or end of the term.

BOARD.

Board can be obtained in good families for from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per week. The assistance of the principal in securing board and other accommodations will be given if desired.

A limited number of students will be accommodated in the family of the principal if application is made sufficiently early.

ATTENDANCE.

The interest of every student and of the whole school is best promoted by a regular attendance for the entire term, and as nothing tends more to destroy a scholar's interest in and love for study than frequent absence, parents are requested to coöperate with the faculty in securing punctuality and regularity on the part of students.

INSTRUCTORS.

FRANK B. SEVERANCE, A. B.,	-	PRINCIPAL.
Ancient Language.		
ROBERT J. HUGHES, A. B.,	-	ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.
Modern Language and Science.		
MARY MALLORY,	- - -	PRECEPTRESS.
Training Class and English.		
MRS. FRANK B. SEVERANCE,		ASSISTANT PRECEPTRESS.
History and Literature.		
MRS. ADA M. PARKER,		
Music.		

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

T. W. SKINNER,	B. S. STONE,
G. P. JOHNSON,	L. MILLER,
G. G. FRENCH,	C. A. PECK,
C. C. BROWN,	G. H. GOODWIN,
M. L. WRIGHT,	J. W. LADD,
T. J. GREEN,	G. W. STONE,
A. L. SAMPSON,	E. L. HUNTINGTON,
J. B. DRIGGS,	R. H. BAKER,
C. L. GRIFFETH,	J. M. HOOD.

OFFICERS.

B. S. STONE,	-	-	-	-	<i>President.</i>
GEO. H. GOODWIN,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary.</i>
G. W. STONE,	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer.</i>

CALENDAR FOR 1891-92.

1891.

SEPT. 1.—School opens,	-	-	-	-	Tuesday.
NOV. 25.—School closes for Thanksgiving,	-	-	-	-	Wednesday.
NOV. 30.—School opens,	-	-	-	-	Monday.
DEC. 24.—School closes for Holidays,	-	-	-	-	Thursday.

1892.

JAN. 11.—School opens,	-	-	-	-	Monday.
JAN. 25.—Regents' Examinations begin,	-	-	-	-	Monday.
JAN. 29.—Regents' Examinations close,	-	-	-	-	Friday.

Formation of classes for Last Half of Year.

FEB. 22.—Washington's Birthday,	-	-	-	-	Monday.
APRIL 1.—School closes for Spring Vacation,	-	-	-	-	Friday.
APRIL 11.—School opens,	-	-	-	-	Monday.

Prize Orations and Prize Essays presented for judgment.

APRIL 25.—Commencement Orations and Essays presented,	-	-	-	-	Monday.
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MAY 15.—Prize Declamation and Recitation, Friday Evening.	-	-	-	-	
Prizes announced for Orations and Essays.	-	-	-	-	
Class Honors announced.	-	-	-	-	

JUNE 13.—Regents' Examinations begin,	-	-	-	-	Monday.
JUNE 17.—Regents' Examinations close,	-	-	-	-	Friday.
JUNE 19.—Anniversary Sermon,	-	-	-	-	Sunday.
JUNE 22.—Commencement,	-	-	-	-	Wednesday.

Catalogue of Students.



CLASSICAL AND GRADUATE COURSE.

LADIES.

Baker, Jennie,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Bushnell, Hattie C.,	-	-	-	-	Lakeport, Madison Co.	
Cole, Estella N.,	-	-	-	-	-	Texas.
Green, Vesta H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Griffeth, Mary T.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Holmes, Nellie A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Hoose, Lena L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Knight, Edith,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Miller, Eva L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Nichols, Etta G.,	-	-	-	-	-	Colosse.
Nichols, Hattie,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Nichols, Mary G.,	-	-	-	-	-	New Haven.
Orvis, Isabelle H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Penfield, Grace B.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Perkins, Addie A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Perlet, Susie A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Colosse.
Robinson, Carrie S.,	-	-	-	-	-	Demster.
Scovil, Florence C.,	-	-	-	-	-	Washington Mills, Oneida Co.
Severance, Helen L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Simmons, Myra J.,	-	-	-	-	-	Wellwood.
Simpson, Lizzie M.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Stevens, Ella G.,	-	-	-	-	-	Texas.
Virgil, Gertrude E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Daysville.
Wart, Mabel I.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.

HIGHER ENGLISH.

Allen, Louella G.,	-	-	-	-	-	Prattham.
Ball, Lena May,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Bard, Anna E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Barnard, Emma J.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Brewster, Mary,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Butts, Ida M.,	-	-	-	-	-	Sand Bank.
Cobb, Edith M.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Copp, Grace,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Halsey, Grace A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Huntington, Lulu A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Johnson, Isabella B.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Manwaring, Lulu J.,	-	-	-	-	-	Daysville.
Midlam, Annie L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Nellis, Georgia H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Hastings.
Parker, Maude,	-	-	-	-	-	Texas.
Perlet, Julia R.,	-	-	-	-	-	Colosse.
Powers, Anna E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Vermillion.
Racine, Lizzie B.,	-	-	-	-	-	Hastings.
Richardson, Anna M.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Robinson, Anna B.,	-	-	-	-	-	Demster.
Severance, S. Maude,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Sheldon, Maude,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Smith, Ida E.,	-	-	-	-	-	New Haven.
Stevens, Nora E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Stillman, Ethel M.,	-	-	-	-	-	Union Square.
Stowell, Julia L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Tourot, Daisy M.,	-	-	-	-	-	Hastings.
Tudo, Mary A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Walsworth, Lina,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Walsworth, Sarah A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Wellwood, Grace,	-	-	-	-	-	Wellwood.
Wood, Mary S.,	-	-	-	-	-	Union Square.
Woodcock, Mattie L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Rensselaer Falls, St. Lawrence Co.

COMMON ENGLISH.

Wadsworth, Mary L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Hastings.
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CLASSICAL AND GRADUATE COURSE.

GENTLEMEN.

Brown, Harry C.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Emery, Walter H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Hall, Spencer B.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Hallock, Walter E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Holmes, Frank W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Dugway.
Johnson, George P.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Johnson, George W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
*Kenyon, Carl D.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Longstreet, Chalmer J.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Manwaring, William A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Middleton, Orla B.,	-	-	-	-	-	Butterfly.
Niles, Brainard,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Ormsbee, William H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Patten, George W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Reese, William F.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Richardson, Kirke F.,	-	-	-	-	-	Colosse.
Robinson, Henry W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Demster.
Snell, Fred D.,	-	-	-	-	-	Vermillion.
Stone, Clarence A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Stone, Harry L.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Stone, Warren S.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Surbeck, Jacob S.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Taylor, Harry E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Taylor, Roscoe J.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Tibbitts, Charles E.,	-	-	-	-	-	New Hartford, Oneida Co.
Tiffany, Osbert D.,	-	-	-	-	-	Scriba.
Whitney, Herbert W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.

HIGHER ENGLISH.

Ames, Herbert W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Avery, Clayton D.,	-	-	-	-	-	Hastings.
Bartlett, Marcus,	-	-	-	-	-	Vermillion.
Biddlecome, Bruce,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Blanchard, Elton H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.

*Post-graduate.

Bradley, Frank D.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Brown, George E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Coonrod, Judson S.,	-	-	-	-	-	Washington Mills, Oneida Co.
Gardner, Warren,	-	-	-	-	-	New Haven.
Gothier, Robert E.,	-	-	-	-	-	South Richland.
Halsey, George,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Halsey, Frank P.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Johnson, Frank M.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Lindsley, Claude E.,	-	-	-	-	-	New Haven.
Orvis, Allan W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Patten, Haden A.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Porter, James H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Racine, Fred E.,	-	-	-	-	-	Hastings.
Ramsey, Spencer J.,	-	-	-	-	-	Texas.
Simmons, Newton,	-	-	-	-	-	Wellwood.
Snow, Manning C.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Taylor, Carl,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Thomas, Ralph C.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Wetmore, Jesse P.,	-	-	-	-	-	Butterfly.
Wetmore, Warren,	-	-	-	-	-	Butterfly.
Wills, James H.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.

COMMON ENGLISH.

Coe, Jasper D.,	-	-	-	-	-	North Volney.
Elkins, Frank W.,	-	-	-	-	-	Mexico.
Hurlbert, Howard B.,	-	-	-	-	-	Cuyler, Cortland Co.
Manwaring, John,	-	-	-	-	-	Daysville.
Stewart, Fred,	-	-	-	-	-	Vermillion.
Wright, Charles L.,	-	-	-	-	-	South Richland.
Ladies,	-	-	-	-	-	58
Gentlemen,	-	-	-	-	-	59
Total,	-	-	-	-	-	117

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stantly increasing, is at present 1,414.

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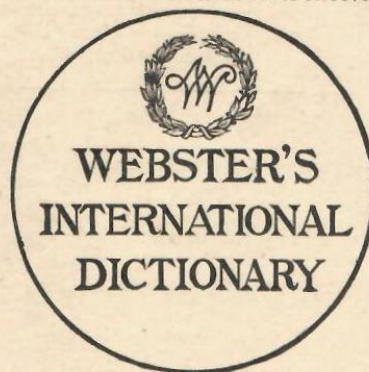
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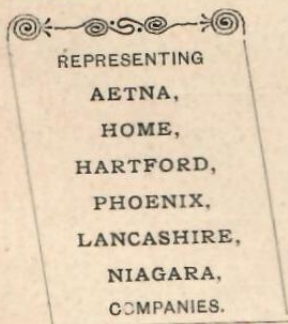
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